CRANE AS SIX CYLINDER KID

HAS A LIVELY PART IN NEW ADE COMEDY.

"Father and the Boys" at the Empire Theatre a Brisk and Enjoyable Farce That for Two Acts Touches on Something Better-Father Wins the Day

William H. Crane came to the classic gilt and red Empire Theatre last evening Lemuel Morewood, a wool broker, in seorge Ade's new play, "Father and the Boys"; and as Lemuel Morewood he gave convincing and comical demonstration how it is possible, even at 50, to move rapidly from a position fourteen miles chind the procession to one seven miles shead of the band. In fact, he finally left the band so far in the rear that he had to go back for them.

That is George Ade for it. In the less poetic language of the always dignified dramatic department Mr. Crane played the part of a country reared New York nerchant who had retained, for all his money, the simple country tastes and the hrifty country shabits of his boyhood. But his two sons had not.

He had sent them to college, where one vas graduated with a summa cum in footall, the other with an exaggerated ambition to become a cotillon leader. Taking them into the firm with him, Father still had work ten hours a day, while Thomas oxed with an ex-lightweight in the private fice, and William entertained in his corner society leader with a name combed in the middle ta clever woman, somebody called er, and Father dryly remarked that a roman had to be after she was 40). It was sclear case of everybody working Father. But Father wasn't that kind of a mannot for long. The country he came from vas either Indiana or Vermont. He got bit tired of being told that he was fourmiles behind the procession. He esn't very strong for seeing his sons etting the loafing habit, still less for seeof them fleeced at roulette in his own use by certain of their "society" friends. So he drank his glass of milk and went in to bed, and then came down again in evening dress suit (as they say in oklyn), bought a stack of yellow chips d husted the bank, represented by Major allamy Didsworth, man about town. Then a said he guessed he wouldn't play any took Bessie Brayton, a Western product, out to supper,

That was Act II., "The Boys and Father. Act III. was just "Father." He had reached he racetrack with his Western product nd a 'betting commissioner." He had hed thirty years of his life. He hadn't een near the office for a month. The oor boys had to spend whole hours there ow. Everything was coming his way, Fourteen miles behind

He was miles ahead and going stronger very minute His sons were horrified. hey pleaded with their rebellious parent But it was vain. He was off for Goldfield with Bessie, his Western product, and they fter him to save him from the toils of a signing woman.

Now, of course, it was all right. Mr. ide is nothing if not moral. The Goldfeld trip was to save Bessie's mine. It also give the author a chance to say that if you want to see those "picturesque Western "ostumes" you must go to the theatre in New York.

The only folks who were them in his play vere the Easterners. Bessle saved her mine nd found her sweetheart (who owned the ther half of the mine, by the way, Mr. Ade browing in retribution in full measure). The Boys were taught a lesson and Father robably returned eventually to his 9 o'clock ame of checkers and his glass of milk.

A jovial, wholesome, boyish, naive story his, told with the utmost spirit, with racy, icturesque dialogue, with these little, alf satirical touches of observation that re so much a part of Mr. Ade's charm. It ever goes far below the surface, but it is oman and it is appealing.

And for two acts it is farce that often embles on the verge of comedy, that just isses being chiefly interesting not for fun but for the really touching predicaent of Father, his plaintively dry efforts make his boys realize that life is a serious ing. Then it sinks rapidly into farce, to farce that doesn't quite cover, either. be joints of its structure. But Mr. Ade's in is still potent, still characteristic enough hold the interest and carry the play to

Mr. Crane, of course, is quite competent or the role of Father. The under note of ountry sincerity, of a warm, generous nature, is never lacking in his performance; nd the dry humor of the character, the omic perplexities, the efforts to master lang, to call himself a "Six Cylinder Kid" without self-consciousness, and, above all, unctious abandonment to juvenile evels, are all denoted surely, effectively and with delightful effect.

Miss Margaret Dale surprised many by laying Bessie, the breezy Westerner, in breezy, merry manner; and most of the ther parts were competently handled. "Father and the Boys" has the breath of fun in it. It is welcome.

BESSIE ABOTT AS "GILDA." A Gentle and Uninspiring Performance of Verdi's "Rigoletto."

Bessie Abott returned to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House last night, singing Gilda in "Rigoletto." She was kindly received by an audience of fair size. Miss Abott artistically stands just where she did when she was last heard here in opera. She has a very pretty but very light voice, which at present has hardly body enough for a house as voracious as the Metropolitan. But she has most excellent vocal technic and she sings with taste and elegance. What she lacks is artistic resource. She does not know how to plan the coordination

of song and action so as to make dramatic points. She needs stage experience, so that she may acquire routine, and gain the craft of her calling. These things can ome only with repeated performances under good conductors and stage managers. The latter she will not find at the Metrotolitan just now. Last evening the kid-Tappers of Rigoletto's daughter raised the ladder, scaled the wall, opened the gate and flashed their lantern under the jester's taked eyes before he had been blindfolded even heard the proposition that he should old the ladder. Intelligence of this kind greater than all other intelligence in that

asses understanding. There was another unfamiliar face besides liss Abott's on the stage last night. It as accompanied by the name of Gravina and a shaky bass voice. It was announced y the official rumor factory attached to he house that Mr. Gravina was a discovery the imminent Mr. Gatti-Casazza, and ad been a star at the Scala Theatre, Milan. lie had a bout last night with Sparafucil+, but he roared mildly and was as wild a

esperado as ever drew a salary. Mr. Scotti was the Rigoletto and Mr. Bonci Duke. Neither was in the best voice. It the latter was a little better off than the ormer. The performance was

With Plenty of American Plays-Project of Meta Illing.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN. BERLIN, March 2 .- Meta Illing, a promi ment German actress, proposes to establish an English theatre here. She has already taken the initial steps and she is 'receiving plenty of financial support.

So many Germans are acquainted with the English language that it is believed the enterprise will succeed commercially. It s intended to produce American as well as English plays, with a view to familiarizing Germans with the contemporary American

NAT GOODWIN IN A NEW PLAY. "The Easterner," by George Broadhurst,

Seems to Fit Him. Broadhurst is the latest tailor to fit a play to Nat Goodwin. This is not as easy a task as it used to be, but in "The Easterner," produced last night at the Garrick Theatre, Mr. Broadhurst has

achieved considerably more success than

have many of his predecessors. This play will not add materially to the reputation of the author of "The Man of the Hour." In fact it would be unfair to compare the two pieces. "The Easterner" has not the same breadth of appeal nor has its subject the same vitality of interest. It is full of situations, some of them original, which succeeded in sustaining the interest throughout and which last night gave the audience, friendly as it was both to the company and the author, frequent

opportunity to express its feelings.

Mr. Goodwin's part was the kind that he likes best to play and he played it after his accustomed familiar manner. There were many opportunities for his old trick of taking his audience into his confidence, a trick which in him is always agreeable. Some of the lines that served him thus were so apropos that he and his friends beyond the footlights shared several good

In writing the part of John Worden, the Easterner, Mr. Broadhurst has been kind to Mr. Goodwin and has succeeded in creating a character wherein are reconciled the actor's increased stoutness of figure with much romance and lovemaking. Worden frankly admits to forty-two years, and Good-

win looks them.

John Warden is an Eastern man who has gone to Carlfornia and has gained the confidence and respect of the people of the valley which his efforts have opened up to ririgation and settlement. One of his firm friends was the Sherill, Ike Robbins, whose two daughters, Dora and Janet, make most of the trouble without which there would be no play. The first act shows Dora just married to Sam Johnson, superin-tendent of the irrigation plant. Before they can start on their honeymoon, howthe villain appears in the form of orley Crawford

Sam discovers that Craw ord and Dora had been lovers in the past, but in his had been lovers in the past, but in his efforts to average the wrong only succeeds in getting himself killed. Suspicion for the murder falls on young Bruce Morton, whose pretty sister. Grace, at that moment turns up in a hunt for her prodigal brother. Warden recognizes her as the girl with whom he had fallen in love two years before on a Bermuda steamer, and in his efforts to save her from a knowledge of her brother's plight zets himself pretty thoroughly tangplight gets himself pretty thoroughly tang-led up. It takes three acts to unravel up. It takes three acts the same are warden saves the boy, Bruce, from the mob that is pursuing him and succeeds in fastening the crime on Crawford, who is as deep and dark a villain as if he wore a black sustache and spoke with a hiss. In the final scene Warden and his "one

woman" complete their courting through neighboring portholes of a steamship, in which the whole company, comfortably married off, are about to start on a honey-Miss Goodrich is so pretty in the rôle of

Grace that it doesn't matter in the least whether she can act or not. One cannot but marvel at the chiffon gowns she chooses to trail over the rough mountain paths, but there again they are so becoming that what

difference does it make? As Bruce Morton, Wallace McCutcheon, Jr., was simple and convincing. He, to-gether with Neil O'Brion as Ike Robbins and Miss Lucie Le Verne as Robbins's housekeeper, were the bright spots in an otherwise mediocre caste. Hale Hamilton as San Johnson might have been added to this list had it not been his misfortune to be shot in the first act.

Some Questions Suggested by Mme. Ko-

misarzhevšky's Appearance at Daly's. The doubtful experiment of bringing Russian actress several thousand miles to present to the American public plays in the Russian language has again been made. The principal in the most recent attempt in this line is Mme. Vera Komis arzhevsky, and she chose for her first appearance in this country Ibsen's "A Doll's House," in which her countrywoman Mme. Nazimova has been successful so lately and so conspicuously in this city.

There can scarcely be any doubt that had Mme. Nazimova never come to America Madame-well, this latest Russian importation would never have come either. Moreover, the newcomer confirms this supposition by challenging at the very beginning comparison with her predecessor. America liked Nazimova well enough to induce her to stay here and master the language. Will it similarly like Madame well, the Russian actress who appeared ast evening at Daly's Theatre?

That question must be asked, for surely it must have existed in the minds of those who have imported this Russian company. Importing Russians to play in Russian has scarcely been so profitable hitherto as to encourage others to repeat these importations if that were all.

The performance of Madama well the

The performance of Madame—well, the newcomer from Bombdom—was watched eagerly last evening and won a reasonable amount of applause from a large audience that included many foreigners. Consonants and cigarette smoke abounded in the lobby between the acts. Both were Russian. Of course the newcomer gave an "adequate" performance of the Norwegian child wife, but it is rapidly getting to be recognized that Nora is an actress proof char-

But it seems scarcely probable that Madame—well her name begins with a K. and once is enough to write a name like that. Typesetting machines are diagerous when irritated—but it seems scarcely probable that Mme. Whatshername will dim whatever lustre may attach to any one's memory of performances of the past by other actresses. When all's said and done is it worth while for anybody but a genius to travel several thousand miles to play

before a strange audience in a tongue that is alien?

The Russian star's support was, like her own acting, adequate. It will be interesting to try, later on, to discover in her performance of other roles some more overwhelming reason for her presence, here whelming reason for her presence here than appeared last evening.

"IF I WERE KING." Mr. Sothern Finds a New Welcome in an Old Play at the Lyrle.

Mr. Sothern changed the bill at the Lyric Theatre last night, putting aside his father's Lord Dundreary, with whom his friends were loath to part, and renewing Justin Huntly McCarthy's "If I Were King, which they were glad to see again. No particular description of the piece is necessary. Its merits are well known. It is the sort of romantic splendor in which Mr.

the sort of romantic spiendor in which are Sothern was for a long time preeminent.

**The audience filled the house completely and must have filled Mr. Sothern's expectations completely too. After the third act they made a demonstration of persistent enthusiasm which finally conquered his apparent determination not to make a speech. It was a very good speech too,

as such speeches go.

The cast is proficient and the production bandsome. It is for this week only.

ENGLISH THEATRE FOR BERLIN DANCE OF WEBER ALUMNA

THE GOOD OLD DAYS. Liberal Education to Read the List of Those Present, for Every One Who Is Anybody in and Around Broadway

Danced the Day in at Terrace Garden The Joe Weber Alumne Association, acmpanied by parents and other close friends, gave a reunion and supper-breakfast dance the night before las-yesterday morning all over Terrace Garden in honor of Mr. Max Weber and Mr. Robert Erasmus Stone, both of whom are connected in executive capacities with Mr. Joseph Weber's noted dramatic institution, which is around the corner from the residence occupied by Mr. Diamond James Brady as a town house up to the time that Mr. Brady closed it to

enlist as a private at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. Mr. Robert Stone is Mr. Joseph Weber's business manager and a close friend of Mr. William Raymond Sill of the Connecticut Chapter of the Society of Colonial Wars, and Mr. Max Weber is not only a brother of Mr. Joseph Weber, but has absolute and inquestioned control of the single utilitarian feature connected with the Weber home of drama and the sister art of music.

said feature being the bar. Little remains to be told-except to add a few words to the effect that the entire Alumns arrived late and remained early Absolutely everybody was there with the exception of the show girls associated with the Williams and Walker musical organization, who previously had made engagements to attend a Sunday evening at the residence of the George W. A. Lincoln-Lippencotts in West Fifty-third street at the southern boundary of the Central Park West section.

Take it on the word of a soldier of the egion, if Terrace Carden had been annihilated just before the milk boy knocked at the back door yesterday morning the result to that part of New York between Martin's and the Forty-second street crossroads would be that it would be portioned off into truck farms as soon as the frost gets out of the ground, with free real estate excursions run to Manhattan every Sunday from Massapequa and other Long Island cities. Believe it or not, every single, solitary soul on this earth was there

What? Edna Chase, for instance, wasn't there, nor Vida Whitmore? Ha! Ha! Ha! Reader, get it straight, once and for all, that this function we're commenting upon wasn't an alleged "chorus girls' ball à la Parisienne" at the Amsterdam Opera House. Why, it was hours before Mr. Diamond James Brady had handed Miss Georgia Caine out of her car at the canopied entrance that Miss Chase and Miss Whitmore hit the works. Miss Chase paused only to request the society editors to print anything she might have to say for publication during the evening exactly as given out or not at all when she was lost in the kaleidographical mazes of terpsichorean evolutionists.

"And don't make too much fun of my lithp, "she cautioned over a pale blue shoulder while waltzing into the stretch a moment later. And, again, "You may add, too, that I came with mother and friendth from The Thole Kith.' "Finally, and she was aweary now and gazed from a window afar across the East Side roofs lighted by the awakened day: "Theven A. M.," she murmured softly, "an I all New York theepth."

The reason every one was there is that at some time or other every one intimately has been associated with Weber's on one side of the footlights or the other—associated, in other words, with the payroll or with the occupancy of an orchestra sear, or h. Graduates from the chorus may drift afield, but they never forget the dear

old alumnæ association.

There's Miss Vida Whitmore, for instance who saved and saved and saved, ordered her morning grapefruit banked with simple American violets while thoughtless girls sitting with her still insisted upon surroundings of English double violets, and who denied herself many other little things that her wad might grow apace, and who finally had enough start for the waterfront one day with Vivian Blackburn to try to pick up a tur-bine yacht at a bargain—Vida Whitmore may have paused in her yacht buying the moment she saw a "Loft For Rent" sign on the Algie Building at 15 West Forty-fifth street and blown her wad instead on a gown and bonnet shop, but never will she be made to forget the dear old days at Weber's and the sterling friendshirm ac-Weber's and the sterling friendships acquired there. Vivian Blackburn too, who has taken up the profession of raising gold-fish under glass for the restaurant fountain trade, quite forgot yesterday morning that she now is a mercantile figure in her quaint pursuit and she threw all thoughts of single and double entry bookkeeping and other trade things to the winds for the nonce.

trade things to the winds for the nonce.
Even when you've read but a small part
of the list of those present you'll quite
agree with Mr. Peter Dailey's assertion
while calling the entries for an inquirer
that, taking the affair by and large, it certainly was one of those things. Perhaps
no more complete list of notables has been
gathered since the social functions incidental to the presence in our city of the dental to the presence in our city of the Duke Boris sputtered out. Listen: Miss Edithe Elliotte, the only girl on the

stage who has her name copyrighted, and mother; Elsa Reinhardt and mother, Vivian Blackburn, uncle and two brothers; Vida Whitmore and eight older brothers, Marjon Whitney of Joshua, this State, which, so Miss Whitney says, is called after the town of the same name mentioned in the Bible, but is to be changed to Flanagan Centre in honor of her father, who is postmaster, collector of town taxes, supervisor, justice of the peace, collector of internal revenue, Democratic county committeeman and of more or less general prominence in the community; Edna Wallace Hopper, Topsy Siegrist and three cousins, E. R. Thomas, whose box party included Lillian Lorraine, Eva Francis and Harry Allen, the taxicab whose box party included Lillian Lorraine, Eva Francis and Harry Allen, the taxicab king; two German barons, whose names could not be learned further than that Miss Daisy Fair said the Weber girls know the taller one as "Ratty" and that the other hasn't yet been nicknamed; Ethel Donaldson and mother, Beatrice Learwood and aunt, Mrs. Jack Gouraud, née Amy Crocker, accompanied by Mr. Jack Gouraud; Victor Moore and Emma Littlefield, Mr. Samuel Bernard, Mr. Looie Mann, M. Georges Beban of Lew Fleids's show and a Certain Party; Freddie Gebhard, Mme. Kate Rolla, Bess McVitty and mother; Sophie Brandt and mother, Josie Sadler and mother, Bessie Clayton and cousin, Vera Michelena and brother-in-law, the Messrs. Considine, young Mr. Young Corbett, Jack DeSaulles, Eugene Walter, the well known playright; David Lehman, ex-detective of the Waldorf; Mr. Herbert Swope. Period. New paragraph; Now then—Susie Pitt, great-grand-daughter of Sir William Pitt; Bob Sands, president of the Strollers; Senator Reynolds and Sheriff Buttling, Charley Ross and Mabel Fenton, Bob Dailey, who is a broth—he and Pete are brothers; Miss Lulu Glaser and brother, Mr. Dave Johnson, the prominent bookmaker, and Mrs. Johnson; Lillie, Lola and Neilie Hawthorne—first time nent bookmaker, and Mrs. Johnson; Lillie Lola and Neille Hawthorne-first time Lola and Neille' Hawthorne-first time they've been together in years; Mr. Freddie McKay, Wine Agents Edgar Murphy, Harry Bronner, Al Senders, Morton Smith and then some; Al Woods, the melodrama impresario; Mr. Joseph and Mrs. Joseph Weber, Miss Freda Linyard and friend of her brother's, Edna Breckinridge Dodsworth of the State of Kentucky, Dave Montgomery, and—oh, everybody. And when Jack's and Churchill's began to pile the chairs further west and close for the the chairs further west and close for the

evening—
"And wherefore Ibsen," continued Mr.
Eugene Walter, the prominent playwright,
"with the appreciation of the dramatic
artist, grasped a great art principle—no,
I'll keep this, thank you, Elsa—and saw that if he would present truth to the proletariat if he would present truth to the proletariat straightway he must abandon the poetic form for prose. Now we see him at the incipient.—" Unfortunately it was, Mr. Walter's dance. Furthermore, Miss Edna Chase had fust been persuaded to be inter-

NOTED GRADUATES CELEBRATE

viewed again, and she is telling right out in technical language what she is wearing.

And if anybody should know what she was wearing, it was Miss Chase, who, by the way, says she is not related to the eminent painter. It's merely a cointhidenth, Miss Chase said, that she and William Merrit have the same name. But speaking about the costume—(and really it should be told about, because Miss Chase said herself that she thaved and thaved and thaved till she was tinck, there and tired of thaving before she could feel justified in getting it)—listen—thit clown:

To begin with generalities, the entire effect is compirrire done in pale blue. Perhaps it would be even safer to say that the gown is cut Printheth. The exact color? Ah, juth blue. And all over it is embroidered with antique silver. White Dutheth lathe hangs here and there, and at the beginning of things is a China silk blue hair ribbon. The gloves, we ask you, are they not blue silk? They are put. They are blue kid—

The gloves, we ask you, are they not blue silk? They are not. They are blue kid-probably dyed. And everywhere eith are blue ranels of velveth.

blue ranels of velveth.

Before all this, however, the grand march—and it sure was grand—had happened.

With art and thoughtfulness and sagacity some one had provided the baloony with a spotlight. It was a wandering spotlight that changed not only location but colors as well, and one had to keep one's eye on the ball to stay in it.

To "Merry Widow" music, and with Mr. Samuel Bernard leading the orchestra, the grand march got off on an up-to-thistime dry track. It was beautiful when Mr.

the grand march got off on an up-to-this-fime dry track. It was beautiful when Mr. Peter Dailey and Mrs. Robert Erasmus Stone came down the centre of the hall shielding their eyes from the shifting colors of the spotlight and from the brighter rays that were sent as lance by the diamond studded sidelines. Then when alternate couples separated and later reunited four abreast the e ect was soul stirring and cosily charming. They split again, and when, still later, they joined eight abreast, and, stiller later, came toward you sixand, stiller later, came toward you six-teen abreast, starched shirtfronts plistening and laughing, girlish eyes asparkle with innocent pleasure, and the glint of diarubies, pearls, sapphires, ame-topazes, tiger eyes, emeralds, thysts, topazes, tiger eyes, emeralds, garnets, turquoises, onyxes, moonstones, agateware, Klondike diamonds, Brazilian diamonds, Montan—aquamarines, peridots, Vida Whitmore, Marion Whitney—Well, there's no use going all over again the list of those present, but when all this came toward you the effect was perfectly grand. Doubtless the impression would have been even greater if there were not some box arrivals at this time that crabbed attention. Look! Mr. Berry Wall! The wings of his collar beat him to it by inches and on his dress coat is a black velvet col-

wings of his clear feat film to it by inches and on his dress coat is a black velvet collar. What hoots it if Mr. Peter Dailey is asking askance of Fdna (hase, "I guess we look perfectly rotten. What?" Mr. Wall is wearing on his shirt front two studs. One is an amethyst and the same may be said of the other. Also this applies to the three buttons of his ves-waistcoat. Across the waistline are a series of what appear to be small white enamel lead pencils connected with links of silver chain, beginning at the second amathyst waistcoat button and striking off in various directions. His pumps are topped off with pompons and the short uppers are of light cloth. He is smok-ing a cigar and is bored. And from t e left suspender button (concealed) on either es into the light two silver chains that reach out for the trousers pocket and disappear. What are they for? Ah, that

disappear. What are they for? Ah, that would ge a bit of impertinence to ask.

Also the Frederic Thompson box is now occupied. Mr. Thompson evidently was unable to come but his confidential adviser, Mr. Whitney Davis, is entering it non-chalantly and wiping his eyes because of th-laughter in which he has just been indulging. Accompanying Mr. Davis is Miss Vera McCord, who just has finished a London engagement, as leading woman with vera McCord, who just has missioned a both don engagement as leading woman with Charles Hawtrey, who never has been a chorus or showgirl but who feels, so she said, that one must show one's self if only for one minute, must not one?

The music for the grand march was still playing, but many of the marchers have gathered around Mr. Eugene Walter, the

gathered around and largests when the prominent playwright.

"But all art, be it an oration, a poem, a drama, or what not," Mr. Walter was hollering from the floor up to Mr. Davis's box, "must in the nature of things be concrete. A sermon, for instance, never so artfully delivered be it, falls just that much short in reverse ratio of being art as it short in reverse ratio of being at as tends toward the abstract. Is it not so, Elsa? I ask you. Tell Mr. Davis that I am right. I got a postcast from Bill Thompson, to-day, Stiffy. He's still with the Pawnee Bill show." And so Pete Dailey suggested that everybody resume the

augester that march.

At this point Mr. Rosenheim and Mr. George Hahn decided to begin to Open Wine. Starting thence, so did everybody. Josie Sadler stuck to Pilsner, however, not with a desire to appear unique, but because the old childhood days in Hoboken had rushed back upon her and had flooded her with memories. Vida Whitmore was her with memories. Vida Whitmore was the first to suggest to trek. Her brothers wanted to stay just a little minute longer, but Vida insisted that she'd have to get over to Sherry's before the sliding scale club breakfast bills were removed from the tables and some one had to relieve Norah Lyden, her partner in the gown shop, for luncheon anyway. And straightway Vivan Blackburn remembered that she had to hurry to her goldfish farm to change the seed and drinking water and cuttlefish in the care. the cages. And so Mr. Peter Dailey and Mr. Peters and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Sil got everybody in line to make the start for home and they all went over to Jack's.

LOVING CUP FOR DR. GEER.

To Mark the Twentieth Anniversary of His Service to St. Paul's Chapel. The twentieth anniversary of the Rev

William Montague Geer's connection with St. Paul's Chapel as curate and vicar, was observed last night by the presentation of a loving cup from his congregation.

Bishop Greer eulogized the services of the vicar in the presence of 400 out of the 500 in his congregation. The presentation was made by the Rev. Dr. W. T. Manning. S. T. D., vicar of St. Agnes's Chapel, and the Rev. Thomas Costello Johnson, who is curate to St. Paul's chapel, read letters from the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity and the Right Rev. James Henry Darlington. Bishop of Harrisburg. Many of the local clergy were present, as well as delegations from the St. Paul's Chapel Club for Business Women, which the Rev. Mr. Geer founded about a year ago.

The presentation of the loving cup con-

cluded a two days' celebration which was begun with a sermon preached on Sunday by Bishop Potter in St. Paul's Chapel.

"THE ORCHID" HERE AGAIN. The Property Man Mislaid the Plot, Giving Eddle Foy a Chance to Score.

"The Orchid" opened for a two weeks run last night at the Academy of Music. and it was evident that Eddie Foy can still draw a pretty good house with it. Marietta di Dio, Ada Gordon and La Petite Adelalde in a "Merry Widow" waltz were the

in a "Merry Widow" waltz were the favorites.

The plot was lost for a short time when somebody misplaced the orchid, and Eddie Foy after a hasty hunt came out fondling a newspaper and murmuring "Confound the man who puts his trust in orchids and property men." It scored.

Mme, Schumann-Heink After Her Citizenship Papers.

Application for citizenship papers was filed by Mme. Schumann-Heink, the operatic singer, in the office of the County Clerk in Newark yesterday. She filed preliminary papers in Cincinnati three years ago and will go before the court on June 3 for a

final examination.

Born in Lieben, Austria, in 1861 she came to America in 1808. Her full name is Ernestine Funfstuch Schumann-Heink Rapp, and she has seven children and one stepson. Her home is near Montclair, N. J.

Evangelist Hilton Stricken. Los ANGELES, Cal., March 2,-Major George R. Hilton, an evangelist, was stricken with cerebral hemorrhage at his home in Alhambra yesterday and is not expected to live. He began his career in Washingon and was an associate of Moody and

ART SALES AND EXHIBITIONS. "Concluding Sessions" 'This Afternoon at 2:30," "This Evening at 8:30."

AMERICAN ART GALLERES

Richard Mansfield Collection

This (Tuesday) Afternoon BEGINNING AT 2:30 O'CLOCK

Valuable Antique Furniture Fine Textiles and Embroideries Flemish Tapestries

HENRY II. AND RENAISSANCE CARVED WOOD MANTELS and an Important

Tapestry Tableaux Curtain (Size 31 x 50 feet) and This (Tuesday) Evening

At 8:30 O'CLOCK Valuable Portraits

and Other Paintings The sale will be conducted by Mr. THOMAS E. KIRBY, of the MERICAN ART ASSOCIATION, Managers

6 East 13d St., Madison Square South

RENAMING CONRIED COMPANY

IT CAN'T BE JUST METROPOLITAN: THERE'S ONE ALREADY.

and Obviously When You Have Four Managers You Must Put Them All In or None-So Suggestions Will Be Welcomed Except From Oscar Hammerstein. Will the Copried-Metropolitan Opera

Company by any other name sing as sweet If so by what name? Nobody knows just yet what is to be th answer to this question, but that it is per-

plexing Otto Kahn and other possessors of minds who are wrestling with the problems of operatic management at the temple of lyric art at Broadway and Fortieth street is an open secret. Even the imperturbable Max Hirsch.

whose unvarying composure has made him prima donna proof, is not looking quite so carefree these days as is his wont. As he goes about his box office duties, taking in money here and counting up profits there, he has been heard several times of late to utter sighs of size.

You see, Mr. Conried having been el'minated from the management of the opera it became necessary to think up some way of eliminating his name from the name of the company. That looked simple enough at first. All that was needful was to drop the Conried and the name became simply the Metropolitan Opera Company.

There was only one obstacle. There happened to be a Metropolitan Opera Company already in existence. Inquiry at the office of the Secretary of State at Albany showed this to be the case. Nobody seemed to know much about this company, but there were the records and they showed that some other organization had the nerve to be entitled to the name, that the Conried-Metropolitan Opera Company desired to give itself for next autumn's wear. It was annoying, but there it was.

But you've got to have some name for an opera company, and the next idea that occurred to the namers was to label the organization with the name of the Italian manager who has been engaged to come here from La Scala. The company would then be known as the Giulio Gatti-Casazza Opera Company.

When the friends of Mr. Dippel heard of

this plan they rushed in with cries of alarm and indignation. Was not Mr. Dippel to-have equal administrative power with Mr. Gatti-Casazza? Where, then, would be the justice of leaving his name out of the company's title? Why should the title not be made to read "The Giulio Gatti-Casazza-Andreas Dippel Opera Company?"

But the labellers were at once reminded that while Mr. Catti-Casazza and This catti-Casazza and Th that while Mr. Gatti-Casazza and Mr. Dippe were to be supreme next season on the administrative side of the opera, Mr. Toscanini and Mr. Mahler were to be the bosses in the matter of the stage. Why should Mr. Toscanini and Mr. Mahler be omitted

from the nominative honors?

The labellers took pens, ink and paper and after some calculation they discovered that if this last suggestion was adopted the company would be called "The Giulio Gatti-Casazza-Andreas Dippel-Arturo Toscanini-Gustav Mahler Opera Company." The bills for printing would be overwhelming. They had to give it up. They did

The company that is going to produce opera at the Metropolitan next year therefore is still going around looking for a name. Anybody who thinks he knows a good name to call it is welcome to try. Doubtles Oscar Hammerstein would call it a numbe of things, but they haven't asked him yet.

POPULAR NEWSIE IS DEAD. Herbert Smith, Who Wouldn't Do Crooked Work, Scarlet Fever Victim.

Herbert Smith, 11 years old, whose home was at the Newsboys' Lodging House in Chambers street, died last night in the Willard Parker Hospital of scarlet fever. Smith was one of the newsies who

worked in Park row near the bridge. Herbert walked into the lodging hous several months ago and said that his father in Richmond Hill had been abusing him. Supt. Heig looked into the case and took charge of the boy. The latter had sold papers for several years and his diligence and enterprise won him many friends at the house and on the street.

He hadn't been at the house long when one night he told Mr. Heig, who had taken a fancy to the boy, that he had been approached by two older boys who wanted him to steal for them. He said that , though they were only 14 years old, they had flat uptown and plenty of money.

The boys disappeared until one night Herbert noticed them walk into the lodging the place to sleep. He

house and apply for a place to sleep. He told Mr. Heig about it, a policeman was sent for, and the lads were arrested.

News of Herbert's honesty spread, and he was the hero of the New Year's dinner. He was taken ill about a week ago, from exposure while selling papers. Mr. Heig said last night that he was one of the best poys the home ever had sheltered.
Word of Herbert's death spread rapidly and before midnight a purse had been started among the newsboys for his burial. The boys from the lodging house will attend

Young Hargis's Trial Begun. Jacksen, Ky., March 2.-The trial of Beauchamp Cooper Hargis for the murder of his father, Judge James Hargis, was called in Circuit Court this morning The boy appeared unconcerned in court. He depends upon the love of his mother to get him free and she has employed the best counsel to be had and will be in court with

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DAN M'GINN COMES OF AGE

BATTERY BOATMAN GOING TO GET MARRIED.

All the Tugs About the Barge Office Gave Him a Septuagintal Toot and Miss Maggie Booley Brought Him a Vast Mince Pie Across the Foggy Cydnus, Dan McGinn, the Battery boatman, be-

came a septuagenarian yesterday and all the tugs around the Barge Office gave seven short blasts and one long one for zero, while everybody who knows Dan drank his health in the little house on the Liberty Island landing pier. Peg Leg O'Connor, whose long suit is not literature asked Bill Quigley, who makes axioms and buys Nevada-Utah, what in the name of a hawser in your propeller a septuagenarian was anyhow, and Bill, who has a swift definition for anything, blessed the ignorance of Peg Leg and remarked that a septuagenarian was "a man who could row seventy miles in a Battery boat without spitting on his hands." And old Dan said he believed he could do it if the weather was favorable.

It was the most notable, not to say recherché, event in boating circles since Cleopatra came down the Cydnus in her canopied barge togged up as Aphrocite to cinch her mash on Mark Antony. There is also a lady in the case of Dan McGinn, and her name is not Cleopatra, but she has as fine a figure, Dan says, and a blessed sight taller one, than the sawedo Queen of Egypt. She is Maggie Dooley of South Brooklyn, and she too was honored by a boat ride and a canopy. There were no fancy gold and silver trimmings on the canopy or on the boat which was the less

fancy gold and silver trimmings on the canopy or on the boat, which was the best Whitehall clinker built eighteen footer Billy Quigley owns And Billy, who is a master at the cars, rowed Maggie through the fog to the Battery boat basin.

Maggie is one of Dan's tenants. According to rumor about the Batter. Dan owns more tenements than Mark Antony did pyramids when he was bossing Egypt. Maggie brought in her lap, if the wireless accounts of the affair as received in the Barge Office tower are correct, a large mince pie on which, in the best Gaelic of the best Celtic pie baker in South Brooklyn. the best Celtic pie baker in South Brooklyn, was the baked indented inscription: "Many Happy Returns of the Day." Mr. Quigley said that this sentiment was contributed said that this sentiment was contributed by the editor of the South Brooklyn Clarion.

The boat bearing Maggie and the pie was received at the Battery basin by a dele-gation made up of the man who sells Frankfurters at the entrance to South Ferry, who contributed a large number of his finest stock to the festival; three of the oldest and riohest boatmen in the profession. Peg Leg and Policeman Joe Mury, who cleared a way for the procession as it marched to the house on the pier. Capt. Roberts of the Liberty Island ferryboat and Neil Laf-ferty, who helps bees the bronze statue, were among the guests. They will give Dan and Maggie a free ride to Liberty Island when they start on their honeymoon. It is said that cards will not be out until May.

COLUMBIA TO SPEND MORE. Budget Calls for \$1,552.563, Despite

President's Request to Economize. Despite the recommendations of President Butler in his last report to reduce expenses. the Columbia University trustees adopted yesterday a budget for 1907-08 which calls for the expenditure of \$1,552,563.79, about \$150,000 more than that used last year. Dr. Curtis Hidden Page was nominated professor of Romance languages in Barnard College, to succeed Prof. Benjamin D. Woodward, who resigned to take the man-

agership of a bank in Paris. William R. Shepherd and James T. Shotwell were pro-

moted to professorships in the department of history.

Dr. S. Alfred Mitchell, who published a statement in which he differed with the Martian theory as advanced by Prof. Per-cival Lowell, was advanced to an assistant professorship in astronomy.

The Seagoers.

Sailing to-day by the North German Lloyd stemship Kaiser Wilhelm II. for Plymouth, Cherbourgh and Southampton: Mr. and Mrs. Mortinier L. Schiff, Mr. and Mrs. Cord Meyer, Lispenard Stewart, Baron Alexis de Gunsburg, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Guggenheim, Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Guggenheim, Mrs. Jules - Bache Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Duveen, Mr. nd Mrs. E. H. De Coppet, Mrs. G. H. Chatillon, Mme. Aiertrude de Bielski, Lioyd Hartman, Harry Irwin, Dr. Herman Kutnow, S. H. Lever, Mr. and Mrs. George Mercer, Jr., Mr, and Mrs. Clarence Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Morton C. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Suydam, Dr. W. H. Solf, Governor of Samos: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Taral, John Adam Thayer, J. Stevens Ulman, S. O. Vanderpoei, George B. Warner, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Weish, Lieut, Pabio Zayas and Mrs. Antonia Romero y Zayas. Passengers by the Fabre line steamship Venezia, off to-day for Naples and Mar-

Bishop Pascal of Montreal, Dr. E. B. Nor-lander, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Corbett, Mrs. A. B. Corbett, Mrs. A. B. Corbett, Mrs. Fox. Margaret Illington Returns to "The Thief." Miss Margaret Illington raturned last

night to the cast of "The Thief" after a

English Luncheon

Tea Baskets Fitted Complete for Picnics, Travellers and Yachting

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50c.—Raphael Almanac, Voltaire's Tales, Faust Don Juan, Sheriock Holmes. PRATT, 161 6th av

130 and 132 West 42d Street, and

THE ROSE BALL.

Big Affair at the Plaza to Aid the Association for the Blind. The Grand Redoute Rose given last night at the Plaza was the biggest and

gayest of the dances of the winter. The American and French colors were combined at the entrance, out of compliment to the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand, who was a patron of the ball, the

serand, who was a patron of the ball, the proceeds of which will aid the New York Association for the Blind.

Ambassador Jusserand was the chief guest of the dimer given by the Misses Holt to precede the ball. Among others who gave ball dinners were Mrs. Hamilton Fairfax, Mrs. Charles W. Cooper, Mrs. Sanford Bisselt, Mrs. H. Fairfield Osborn, Mrs. J. Kensett Olyphant, Mrs. Dodge, Miss Edwardes, Mrs. Schuyler Schieffelin, Misseld Mrs. Schieffelin, Misseld Mrs. Schuyler Schieffelin, Misseld Mrs. Schieffelin, Misseld Mrs. Schuyler Schieffelin, Misseld Mrs. Schieffelin, Misseld Mrs. Schieffelin, Misseld Mrs. Schieffelin, Misseld Mrs. Schieffelin, Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. Sch Edwardes, Mrs. Schuvler Schieffelin, Mi Julia Dodge, Mrs. Woodbury G. Langdor and Samuel Willets of the Meadow Brook Hunt, whose masculine guests were all in pink coats. Richard Watson Gilder, president of the New York Association for the Blind; Gen. Horace Porter and a number

musicians in pink coats, played for the dancing, which began at 10 o'clock, Supper was served at midnight in the pink banquet

BABY BOY HAD ITCHING HUMOR

Which Broke Out in Different Places -Nothing Would Help Him-Mother Almost in Despair-Skin Quickly Healed Withouta Scar and Trouble Has Never Returned

SINCE USING CUTICURA MOTHER GIVES IT PRAISE

"Several months ago, my little boy, now two and a half years old, began to break out with itching sores. I began to doctor him, and as soon as I got them healed up in one place they mould break out. would break out in another. I was almost in despair. I could not get anything that would help

lady who had cured her little boy with Cuticura. I began to use the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and after Soap and Cuticurs Cintment, and after using them three times, the sores commenced to heal. He is now well, and not a scar is left on his body. They have never returned nor left him with bad blood, as one would think. Cuticura Remedies are the best I have ever cura Remedies are the best I have ever tried, and they are surely great. I shall always have them in the house, handy, and shall highly recommend them to any one who is suffering likewise. I cannot give them too much praise. Mrs. William Geeding, 102 Washington St., Attica, Ind., July 22, 1907.

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